Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

*Prin.* Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bould to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and one my head
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
*Percy* is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.





And I will call him to ſo ſtrict ac
That he ſhall render euery glo
Yea, euen the ſlighteſt worſhip
Or I will teare the reckoning fr
This in the name of God I pro
The which if he be pleaſ'd I ſha
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may
The long growne woundes of
If not, the end of life cancels al
And I will die an hundred thou
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell

*King.* A hundred thouſand
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſ
How now good *Blunt*? thy loo

*Enter Blun*

*Blunt.* So hath the buſines t
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* ha
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh*
The eleuenth of this moneth,
A mighty and a fearefull head
(If promiſes be kept on euery
As euer offered foule play in a

*King.* The Earle of *Weſtmerl*
With him my ſoone Lord *Joh*
For this aduertiſement is fiue
On wedneſday next *Harry* tho
On Thurſday, we our ſelues w
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you
Throug *Glocester-ſhire*, by whi
Our buſines valued ſome twel
Our generall forces at *Bridgen*
Our hands are full of buſines
Aduantage feedes him fat, whi

*Enter Falſtaff*

*Fal. Bardoll*, am I not faller
doe I not bate? doe I not dwi
me like an old Laeies looſe gov
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent



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